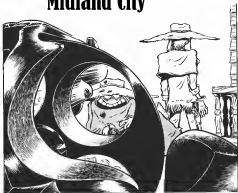


GUN FRONTIER

Windshitter And the Duel at Midland City



WOWEE,
ANOTHER
SANDSTORM!
THE HORSES WILL
BE ON US
FOR SURE.

IT'S NOT
UNCOMMON IN
THE WEST.
THERE'S
NOTHING
WE CAN DO.

Then,
the horses
must have
stopped on
sloping

ALL THAT
I AM ABOUT
TO GETTING
INTO SOME-
THING BETTER
THAN

SOMETHING
YELLOW.
I DON'T KNOW
THAT...















OH I'M
SURE!

I'VE
ALREADY
GOT
SOMETHING
PERKED
UP

SIR, THIS TOWN IS TERRIBLY
WILD SO I SUGGEST YOU
KEEP YOUR TRIGGER READY
AND YOUR EARS PERKED UP
FOR ANY SITUATION.



ROUND-FACED,
WITH GLASSES,
SHORT AND
HANDLED TO GOOT.

HE GREW UP
IN A TOUGH
ENVIRONMENT
AFTER ALL.

HE'S TOUGH.
HE WON'T
DIE EASILY.

I WONDER
IF TOMORROW'S
GETTING
WORKED
TOO HARD.



STEEP
HMM!

YOU'VE
GOT SOME NERVE
WEARING THOSE
CLOTHES AND
WALKING AROUND
WITH A GUNBELL
YOU PERVERT!

YOU'VE DONE WELL
FOR YOURSELF
TRAPPING ALL THOSE
LADIES, CONSIDERING
HOW UGLY YOU ARE!

WE'LL HAVE
YOU HANGED
TOMORROW.
ISN'T IT
FUN?

POSS
GO
NAKED!

SHERIFF



TO SAVE
TOCHIRO,
WHAT ELSE?

WHY DID WE
COME TO
THIS
PLACE?



OH YEAH, WE
WANTED TO MEET
THAT MAN WHO
TRAPS WOMEN...

WHAT'S THE
MAN'S NAME?

BUT THAT HAPPENED
ON THE WAY.
WE WERE PLANNING
TO COME TO THIS
PLACE BEFORE,
RIGHT?

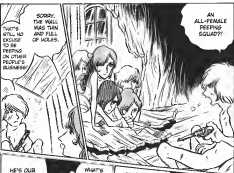


KOLORMAN?!

HIS
NAME'S
KOLOR-
MAN



WHOA
WHOA
WHOA!



SORRY,
THE WALL
WAS THIN
AND FULL
OF HOLES.

THAT'S
STILL NO
EXCUSE
TO BE
PEEPING
ON OTHER
PEOPLE'S
BUSINESS!

AN
ALL-FEMALE
PEEPING
SQUAD??



HE'S OUR
PATRON.

WHAT'S
YOUR DEAL
WITH
KOLORMAN?

WHAT A RELIEF.
WHEN I HEARD THEY
WERE STRIKING HIM
UP AT THE
MARKETPLACE I WAS
SO SCARED!

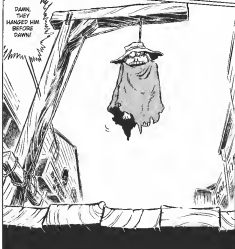
SO THIS MEANS
THEY DON'T
CATCH
KOLORMAN
AFTER ALL.



HE'S IN A HEAP
OF TROUBLE!!

THEY'VE GONE
AND CONFUSED
TOGETHER WITH
KOLORMAN!

THEY KILLED
HIS OFFICIAL
WIFE TO
LURE HIM
OUT.



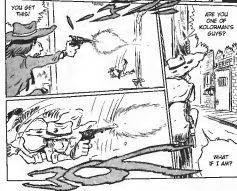




HERE YOU GO.
I'LL COME AND
BURY YOU
LATER.

I'D BE MORE INTO
REVENGE IF YOU HAD
A MORE TRAGIC,
GRIPPING LOOK
TO YOU.

YOU LOOK
VERY HAPPY
FOR BEING
DEAD THOUGH.



YOU GET
THIS!

ARE YOU
ONE OF
KOLORNANG
GUYS?

WHAT
IF I AM?



REAL MEN
DON'T
ACT THE
WAY YOU
GUYS DID.

SERVES YOU
RIGHT FROM
MAKING ME
ALL WRATHY
LAST NIGHT.

OWEEEEEE!



BUT HOW—?

SO YOU
CUT OFF THEIR
WINGLINES?

YEAH, SOMEONE
BRIED THE
EXECUTIONER
TO FIX ME UP.

THAT'S A
HELL OF A
CONTRAPTION
YOU'VE
GOT THERE!

WINDSHITTER'S
GUNPOWDER
FACTORY?

WINDSHITTER'S
GUNPOWDER
FACTORY!
BLEW UP!

YOU!

I'M A VERY
RICH MAN
YOU KNOW.

YUP, IT
WAS ME.







Where the blood boils, the flesh jumps and gets tangled.

Where men don't complain too much as they march to their deaths though they always try to kill the other man first.

Where the wildlands and the mountains regard with pity the wicked men, the filthy men, the cruel men.

San Freatier.

Where men may die at any time.

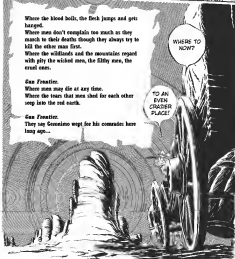
Where the tears that men shed for each other seep into the red earth.

San Freatier.

They say Gerónimo wept for his comrades here long ago...

WHERE TO NOW?

TO AN EVEN CRADIER PLACE!





Leiji Matsumoto's
Gun Frontier
Chapter 13
has been
brought to you by:
the
Red Rabbits

translation: ak
editing: iskra